



The Lost Time

Philosophical Poems

Sorin Cerin

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2019

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Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation

PhD Professor Al Cistelecan within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelecan considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

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One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tends to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passionnal, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether

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biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated -

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pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing

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(the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimental again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

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So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

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PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in *Con vorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in *România literară*, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, *Con vorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in *România literară*, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking."

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated

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rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

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And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another

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topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

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The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", à la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be

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born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free

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course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

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It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

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Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

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The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from

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Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still

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fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,
on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled,
with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary

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to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ernal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the

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audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:

"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *'a rebours*, the signs of

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creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teutisan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin proclaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu: "Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence"

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has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Stefan Borbely: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

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Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author

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to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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1. We will embrace the Dreams, crushed and poisoned

Why the Original Sins,
they let that the Birth,
to dress us,
with the shirt of Death?
which each time,
is cut for us on the measure of Despair,
what we will wear it,
our entire Existence,
blessed by the lost Time ?,
at whose soles, we will embrace us,
the Dreams, crushed and poisoned,
by the lead clouds of the Glances,
what they will snow with the falling stars,
of so many homeless Days,
which, we will carry them,
on the arms of our own,
Non-Senses of the Existence,
toward Nowhere.

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2. Before the Almighty Death

Bridges of Dreams,
what lead toward Nowhere,
The Words of Wind,
of the lost Time,
what he scattered the Hearts of Lead ,
of the Absurd,
from the sand of the broken Hourglasses,
by the rebellious Thoughts,
toward the Waves of Despairs,
of the Loneliness by ourselves,
on whose ocean we shipwrecked,
alongside a proscribed Destiny,
by the Original Sins,
what they wanted him even more obediently,
before the Death,
Almighty,
what erupts its Desert,
from the our lost Glances,
once with each Breath.

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3. Eye of Blizzard

Snowing violently with the disheveled hearts,
from the tangled hair,
of the homeless Days,
through which they wander us,
the threads of grizzled hair of Loneliness,
what they are looking for us in vain,
the Souls,
increasingly tired,
to be able, to discern us,
the lost Time,
which passes, besides us,
on the deserted streets of the Destinies,
without he recognizing us,
however much we try,
to we remind him of, the Immortality,
what she lies thrown,
crumpled up and broken,
in the dust of the cups of nowhere
of the Vanities,

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on which we drink them,
to the end,
of our last Moment,
with every breath,
of the Pain, dumbfounded,
in an Eye of Blizzard,
what leads us the Life,
toward Nowhere.

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4. The Steps of the Tears

I tangled myself,
in the hair of the lost Time,
in so deprived of me myself,
that, on the unpaved streets,
of the Thoughts,
on which I can barely go,
the Blood of your Words is still flowing,
Love,
whose Veins,
seem to be remained without bedding,
in the cold and indifferent mud,
of the Prides of a Destiny,
which was given to us,
by the Absurd of the homeless Days,
what await upset,
on, at, the corners of Feelings,
they to be passed with the help of Pain,
on the zebra that unites us,
the Steps of the Tears,
of so many falling stars,
by the Good and the Evil of a World,
what will never belong to us.

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5. To we find us again

Dreams, broken,
from the Heaven of the Eyes in tears
of the lost Time,
on whose ocean,
we are predestined,
to we swim,
holding in the hands of own Hopes,
the Eternity of a Feeling,
of, which we take care not to drown,
in the depths from ourselves,
from where we will no longer succeed,
we to save him ever,
being so strangers,
to this World,
that we will not be able, never,
to we find us again,
the own Absolute Truth,
however much we hold us by the arm,
with what we believe to be Right,
about which we do not know how it looks,
his true face,
in the Divine Light,
of the Happiness,
of, which we are blind.

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6. In search of your Eyes

Moments, rusty,
rustle at the soles of the Dreams,
they are waiting for you,
in the station of the lost Time,
among the broken windows of the Steps,
what they lead me toward the Heaven free,
of, your Gaze,
where, the Destinies lead their,
the homeless Days,
of the Despair,
wandering among the lattice of the Absurd,
of which I hit my,
the Hopes,
that flow injured,
in fragments of vain Promises,
what they became with gray hair,
of so many Wrinkles of Words,
how many, have passed them, the threshold,
in search of your Eyes.

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7. We made us an appointment with Death

Snowing me with dreams,
over the winter of the lost Time ,
so frozen from me,
and then,
cover me the Eternity of the Moment with snowdrifts,
so that we can hide,
in the heat of it,
by the depressive Inferno of this World,
in which we were thrown,
by the cold and vigorous hands,
of the Destiny,
of the Nobody,
on whose face,
we made us an appointment with Death,
without we knowing,
how much she wanted to possess us,
being able,
to give it to us,
on her only daughter,
with the name of Life,
for to breathe through her lungs,

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the Glances of lead,
of the Horizons, increasingly heavy,
what they seemed to lean on the shoulders,
of our Hopes,
so crushed,
that we could no longer distinguish them,
by none of the Despairs.

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8. The endless ice of the News

Dawns, decomposed,
by the lost Time,
they collapse over the rusty Dreams,
of the Autumn,
drowned in the waves of the Blood of Absurd,
of a World of Compromises,
on which we have combed them,
every time,
in the broken mirror of the Despair,
when we want that the Hair of the Moments,
to flow on the foreheads of our Souls,
exhausted by heavy Horizons,
of the Loneliness,
what presses us with its molten lead,
the Glances, quenched and lost,
through the endless ice,
of the News,
full of Cemeteries of Words.

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9. Where the Regrets murmur

Days torn,
by the cold and insistent palms,
of the Hearts of Wind,
what they beat the increasingly decomposed Glances,
which, they detach themselves,
by the branches of rusty Hopes,
of the lost Time,
for to fall at the soles of the Loneliness,
where the Regrets murmur
drowned,
in the sweaty Wrinkles,
of the Words,
from the depths of which,
we will no longer succeed, never,
to save us,
the Love.

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10. A wandering of moment

No matter how wide,
I would open,
The dusty Windows,
with falling stars,
of the Words,
I will not succeed,
maybe never,
to encompass your wings of Angel,
of the Glances,
what they pressed my Heart of Blizzard,
of the cold from me,
with the Fire of Sentiment,
of to we be confronted, together,
the lost Time,
with the Hope what would have defeated,
the Winter of the Vanity,
together with the Love,
what burns, smoldering
in, the distant blood and untoachable,
of the Horizons,
which trickle, lonely,
over the forehead of a Delusion,

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what seems to open for me wide,
the rusty and oppressive gates,
of the indifferent and cold Heaven,
of a Wandering, of moment,
which crushes my Future.

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11. The eyelids of the Day

Hours, asleep,
they can barely lead,
the eyelids of the Day,
on the back of a Twilight,
of the lost Time,
at whose table,
they drink their Moments,
the Cups of Nowhere,
of the Despair,
on which they break them later,
by the foreheads of our Destinies,
increasingly bloody,
by so many Despairs,
which have snowed us with Absurd,
the Illusions of Existence.

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12. The Souls of the Dreams

Drowned in the Wandering of Divine Light,
what falls slanting,
over, the Crossroad of the Hearts,
of the lost Time,
from the Glances,
which are entangled to us,
in the crucified Moments,
on the rotten wood of a Word,
on which we were carrying him,
in the form of a cross,
bound by the Souls of the Dreams,
on whose wings,
we were flying together,
until we fell,
so far from ourselves,
that we have no longer succeeded,
to we pray at the Illusions of Life and Death,
hot enough,
so that we can carry, on the shoulders of Love,
the Pain and Absurd,
of this World,
who remained to crush us,
even and the Despair.

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13. Knives from clouds

Knives from clouds,
they float on the Heavens,
of the Eyes of a Hope,
which cuts us the Horizons,
so wilted and full of mold,
on which we wanted to throw them,
to the Trash Can of the Forgetfulness,
by, whose transparency,
we hide from one another,
the Moments of lead,
which, they crush us, the Future,
now, of the Nobody,
what finally reached,
at the peak of the Hierarchy of Despair,
which has shattered us the Dreams,
that, has no longer remained, nothing,
from the aura of the Words,
of the lost Time,
on which we gave them,
to the Immortality of a Love.

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14. The fetid Smell of Happiness

Flowers, of Dreams,
they lie withered, on the spider webs,
of the Meanings,
increasingly predatory and perfidious,
which, they comprise us,
the homeless Days,
of the lost Time ,
what, have longer remained us,
to spend,
at the gambling,
of the Despair,
where, all of them,
they dream to win,
as much as possible Death,
on whose wings to can escape,
so far away,
by their own Beings,
so that they never meet them again,
the fetid Smell, of, Happiness,
fallen into the passion of the Absurd.

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15. Only for us

Funeral wreaths of Words,
have covered us,
the Foreheads of the Dreams,
of the lost Time,
in whose Wrinkles we drown us,
often,
the Tears of the Absurd,
what, has washed us the dusty faces,
of the Memories,
buried in the depths,
of the Dust of some Moments,
from which barely arise,
now,
the roots what have become,
bitter and deformed,
of the Glances,
in whose sap, we washed us,
once time,
somewhere- sometime,
the Happiness
which, when she grew up,

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she moved at the house of the Illusions of her Life and Death,
leaving us without any help,
in a World of the Nobody,
what was given to us,
by the Hearts of Wind,
of the Destiny,
what, they beat through the cups of nowhere,
of the Future.

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16. The Glances of the Roots

I did not believe,
to be for me so cold, by you,
and by all the falling stars,
of the Smile,
what have remained,
to light us,
the Death,
from the Glances of the Roots,
cut deep,
from the veins of Feelings,
of the lost Time,
what they could no longer find,
the Earth firmly of the Dreams,
because it rained,
with gusts of Forgetfulness,
and we have deepened,
in the mire of a Future,
of the Nobody.

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17. What loses its edges

The dawns, stained,
with the ink of the bloody Tears,
of the Loneliness,
which, they wrote to us every time,
on the upset Souls,
of the lost Time,
long epistles, of, Death,
tired of so much waiting,
through the stations of the Wanderings,
by ourselves,
on, where it does no longer pass,
long ago than the times of the Eyes of Happiness,
none of the trains, of Moments,
of the Destiny,
which could give us and something else,
apart from the cups of nowhere,
of the Desert of Hopes,
what loses its edges,
in the Hearts, of, Wind,
of the homeless Days.

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18. They still rustle and now

Even if you give me,
the Autumn of your Heart of Wind,
at a reduced price,
I still would not have enough,
of many Moments,
which to pay my Unrests,
on the counter gnawed by the Prides,
of some Memories,
fallen into the passion of the drunkenness of Words,
of the lost Time,
which still rustle us and now,
on the deserted shores of Dreams,
whose castles of sand,
they were ruined,
so long ago,
that in their place,
not even the Forgetfulness
has no longer succeeded,
to she put her tired soles,
of the Indifference.

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19. Day by Day

So lost,
I negotiate with Death,
Day by Day,
through the traces of your Smile,
Happiness,
that they crush me,
the Horizons, through which I'm looking for you,
cold,
by the frozen lips,
of the Words,
which have become breakable,
a long time ago,
than the Times of the Loneliness,
and they break at the soles of Expectations,
to whom we both offered them,
somewhere sometime,
a few hot cups of Glances,
on the dirty stalls,
of the Clocks,
now,
abandoned,
by the Moment of Eternity,
what became for us,
so deserted,
in the no-name station,
of the lost Time.

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20. To seek our identity

I put, the washed laundry,
of the Words,
on the rope of the lone Horizon,
of the Unrests,
caught with the rusty pliers,
of the our Hearts of lead,
what they no longer want to detach,
by none
of homeless Days,
what have been given to us,
as a roof,
under which to we seek our identity,
of the own Despairs,
what are flowing us through the blood of Dreams,
what have dug deep riverbeds,
through the Wrinkles of the Memories,
of the lost Time,
of this World of Nobody.

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21. The Lost Time

Bridges ruined by Memories,
in the Traces of the Expectations,
they still seek their
the Lost Time,
among the forgotten tombs,
of the Words,
in which we have wrapped us, the Glances,
New born,
of the Love,
whose letters,
have rotted,
at the foreheads of the cold Sweats,
of a Time,
so alien,
by the Steps of the Years,
spent together,
that it passes besides us,
as if, not even,
we would not have welcomed him,
from the gate of the Cemetery of Dreams,
where, we came to give us meeting,
with Despair.

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22. The dawn of Dreams

Memories lost in the flames,
of the lost Time,
extinguish the Sunsets of the Hearts of Fire,
giving birth at the glacial Night of the Words,
whose Hearts of Lead,
they crush us the cut roots,
of the Glances,
Love,
what you burn in torments,
on the hot cross,
of a ruined Cathedral,
of the Feelings,
built from the Expectations,
wandering,
through the stinging breath,
of the Walls of Questions,
unwavering and heavy,
what they crush us the addresses,
of so many Dawn of the Dreams,
what we could have received them, together,
at the gate of the Destiny.

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23. In the bouquets of your Dreams, Love

Catch to me the petals of the Days,
from the bouquets of your Dreams,
Love,
and then wash you by Loneliness,
in the perfume of the Tears,
of the Absolute Truth,
which clarifies us the Glances,
revealing us the Infinity of the Feeling,
what really flies,
on the boundless wings,
of the Horizons of so many Hopes,
on which we put them, one in another,
clothed in the waves of Happiness,
which break,
by the sharp cliffs of the lost Time,
in shards of Words,
on which we tread,
without we ever know,
how much they hurt us,
the Moments from which it leaked,
the Blood of Eternity,
leaving us to the Death,
by ourselves,
without to we ever find out,
Why?

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24. On the foreheads of the Hearts of Wind

On all stalls of Destinies,
I find nothing else but Wrinkles,
whether they are of Love or Curse,
of Greed or Indifference,
what they hit me with the Silences,
of the Walls of Compromises,
cold and tormenting,
which flow me,
on the foreheads of the Hearts of Wind,
of the Words,
what they have no longer, nothing to say,
to the riverbeds of the own Meanings,
from before of to be born for us,
the Destinies of the Nobody,
in whose bodies,
we are obligated,
to breathe the hard and pungent air,
of the Life,
who leads us every time,
toward Nowhere,
our own,
Non-Senses of the Existence.

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25. The Mantle of own Time

We are born, buttons of Dreams,
what they will never be able, to close,
the Mantle of own Time,
than, over the face of Death,
of a Tears,
trickled from the Heart of Fire,
of the Eternity of Moment,
extinguished by, the Forgetfulness,
of the penetrating cold,
of on the lips gnawed by the longing of Love,
of some Words,
what they will no longer find, never,
the Meanings,
for which they were uttered,
by the Absurd of our own Destinies,
covered with the falling stars,
of the Despair,
of a Loneliness.

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**26. At the Slaughterhouse of our own
estrangements of self**

We were born Living Statues,
what they do not want,
what, they are not allowed to,
to they cry their lost Time,
than if they use,
the artificial Tears of Destinies,
sold at excessive prices,
to the homeless Days,
from the Hearts of Nowhere,
through which we breathe our Lives,
what they will reach,
finally,
at the Slaughterhouse,
of our own estrangements of self,
which will cut them,
in slices of Memories,
caught by the hooks of Questions,
at the butcheries of some meaningless Words,
what they will sell them for nothing,
to the Absurd.

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27. Bridges of Tears

Bridges of Tears,
they unite the tired Wrinkles,
of the lost Time,
through, whose riverbeds,
the Illusions of Life and Death flow us,
toward Nowhere,
seeking in vain the Love,
about which we find out,
just when it's too late,
how she was crushed,
by, our own Horizons,
whose Dreams,
have poisoned themselves,
drinking from the cups of nowhere,
of the Hearts of Wind,
what they still beat us in the chests,
of the Glances,
from the homeless Days,
the Happiness.

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28. The Nymph of Eternity of my Soul

I am writing to you, the Nymph of Eternity,
of my Soul,
trampled in the feet of the lost Time,
from the Dawns what have lost their minds,
of the wandering Destiny,
on the Horizons of Despair,
what, they press hard,
the Tombs of Words,
which, still have remained,
indistinctly, from us,
in the station of the Absurd,
where we say goodbye,
always,
being two Living Statues,
what they played to perfection,
the role of a Life,
of the Nobody,
for which we were paid,
with the dead Moments,
of the Despair,
squeezed until refusal,
from the sweat of Dreams,
what they have lost their Hopes,

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forever,
on the stage of Loneliness,
of the lost Time,
where we still wait and now,
to fall once, the curtain,
of the Nonbeing.

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29. In the rock of Love

We built us the Glances,
in the rock of Love,
believing that never,
it will can not be broken,
by the fangs of the lost Time,
what, they yearned greedy,
after the Horizons of the Happiness,
of our Dreams,
to whom we had made them,
wings of, Divine Light,
which to lift us,
beyond us,
without we knowing,
that we will collapse,
on the remaining sand,
from the Soul,
of our own rock,
grinded,
of the Love,
fallen into the hourglass of the Loneliness,

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which, it numbers and now,
the Moments of the Absurd,
what they seem to be endless,
on the deserted alleys,
of our Cemeteries of Words,
through which I can never get tired,
to I look for you.

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30. Buttons of Words

Buttons of Words,
they stand closed,
up to the throat of the feverish Glances,
what tremble,
from all the joints of the Thoughts,
of fear,
to not collapse,
in the endless Eyes,
of the Hearts of Wind,
of the lost Time,
what they cause thunderstorms,
among the homeless Dreams,
under whose roofs,
we hide,
by ourselves,
every time,
when we can look,
in the parallel mirrors,
of the own Illusions of Life and Death,
what they want to unbutton us,
the Buttons of the Words,
whose stitches of Questions,
barely, they cling,
by the Tears of our Glances.

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31. In the shards of Despair

Smile to me, Happiness,
among the rays of the Future,
and you do not stop, from running,
over the increasingly cold and vulgar Days,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
whose waves,
they want to drown you,
in the abysses of the Helplessness,
of to be yourself,
the stair toward the Heart of Heaven,
of the Boundlessness,
what beats in each,
the Eternity of Moment,
through which we pass,
just as blind,
how is to us,
the lost Time,
when he looks,
in the Mirror of Knowledge,
broken by the Destiny,
in the shards of Despair.

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32. No longer wishes them ever

Flames, of Words,
they kindle the bloody Dawns,
of the Past,
which is scattered,
through the increasingly confusing Thoughts,
of the Hopes,
from whose bodies
is still removed, the rust,
of the lost Time,
on which Nobody,
no longer wishes them ever,
at meeting with himself.

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33. In the canvases of the masts

Stairs of fire,
they burn the marrow of the Meanings,
of the lost Time,
scattering them the ashes,
on the riverbeds of the Wrinkles of Words,
on which, we still say them,
driven by the waves of Compromises,
toward that side,
from the Heart of Wind,
of the Dream,
which will no longer blow us, never,
in the canvases of the masts,
of our Feelings,
abandoned at the shores of the Despair,
from which we have built us every time,
sand castles,
where to live the Moments,
through which they carelessly pass us,
the homeless Days,
of the Absurd.

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34. The Cemeteries of Moments

It was wilted, even and the grass of the Expectations,
under the sharp blades,
of the scythes by Words in Wind,
what scatters the hair of Time,
which does not know where to go,
on the streets of the Loneliness,
of the funeral corteges of Words,
what they pass, silent and black,
staining the blood of the Sunsets,
toward the heavy and exhausted gates,
of so open and closed,
the Despairs,
what they will complete us,
the Cemeteries, of, Moments,
who feed on the Years,
whose wings of Feelings,
they were broken,
on the immensity of the Glances of Heaven,
of some Destinies,
which, they did not understand us,
Never,
the lost Time.

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35. With the arms of the Pains, open

I am running,
toward the Stars of the Eyes of Heaven,
of the Happiness,
we not knowing, how of falling, they may be,
when, they belong,
to this World of the Words,
of the lost Time,
so slippery,
that, we derail,
once with each step,
through their Phrases,
towards the Walls of Hopes,
who crush us,
so much, the Dreams,
that we can no longer bear them,
than to the fashion parades,
of the Despairs,
where we are received,
every time,
with the arms of the Pains, open.

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36. The Storms of the Prides

The shores, of Meanings,
they can never be sincere,
with the sand of the broken Hourglasses,
by the petrified Hearts,
of the vain Expectations,
thrown into the Eyes of some Tears,
of our own Dreams,
what they wanted to see,
further,
of Horizons, of lead,
of the homeless Days,
among the Storms of the Prides,
springing from the ocean,
without edges,
of the cups of nowhere,
of the Feelings,
from which we drink,
the lost Time,
ever more thirsty,
by ourselves,
what we seem to have passed,
long ago than the oldest Times,
over the bridge of Destiny,
which, has united us, sometime.

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37. The Soul of the Smile, dumbfounded and distant

Crucified between two Worlds,
what, they burn me the Soul of the Smile,
dumbfounded and distant,
of the Happiness,
on whose ice we slip,
toward Death,
without we holding us by hand,
the Truth,
searching in the Ocean, of, darkness,
of the Despair and Absurd,
a glimmer of Divine Light,
which to show us,
The way to ourselves,
those lost by the own Feelings,
among the ruins of the bridges of Words,
which, they no longer cross,
nor a Destiny, ever,
on the other shore,
where, no longer grow, the Doubts,
the Prides and the Compromises,
of which we are tied,
with the chains of Death,
of the own lost Time.

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38. Still grinds us the Dreams of sugar

The blackened windows,
by the dust of Memories,
they are held with fear,
by the hands of the opaque Curtains,
of the Words,
black and indifferent,
behind which we hide,
the glimpses of our own falling stars,
what they wear in their Hearts of Night,
the Moments of the Love,
which are sifted uninterruptedly,
in the rusty sieve of the Unrests,
what they promise us,
through the zodiac of Despair,
an astral dough,
full of taste and flavor,
once taken out of the oven of Loneliness,
which still grinds us,
the Dreams of sugar,
for to powder with them,
the Non-Sense of Existence,
what still has remained to us, to carry,

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on the back bent,
of the Horizons,
what they will remain,
finally,
to the lost Time.

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39. When you pass careless

Flowers of Ice,
they wander,
seemingly unconscious,
through the feverish Words,
of the lost Time,
what, has drawn, Nothings,
on the windows bleached by hoar-frost,
of the Glances,
clothed tightly,
with the hidden desires,
of the Despairs,
the only ones what still have remained,
to keep us warm,
when you pass careless,
on the street of the Illusions of our Life and Death,
Love.

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40. They no longer know where to go

The clouds of Memories,
are gnawed by the heavy and cold Heaven,
of the Waiting,
long and tiring,
of the Death,
they pulled out falling stars,
of Unfulfillments,
from the Heaven of the Pains,
immediately caught by the beaten palms,
of the Loneliness,
in order not to hit itself,
by the dust of the Forgetfulness,
on which the Destinies breathe it,
in which we have incarnated,
so many,
Despairs,
what, they no longer know where to go,
when they worship,
at the venomous Crossroads, of, Roads,
of the Saints of Happiness,
of some vain Promises,
what they serve us with absurd Dreams,
the lost Time,
fallen into the hot knees,
of the Compromises,
with ourselves.

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41. The poisonous Meaning

Gates of Heaven,
they stand open,
to the Memories,
what, they let, the Absurd,
of the lost Time,
he to enter free,
in the Souls of Words,
of the bloody Sunsets,
of the Wrinkles ever deeper,
whose geography,
will remain unknown,
for the riverbeds, of, Unrests,
through which they flow us,
the exhausted Moments,
of the Glances,
what would give anything,
to can wash,
the poisonous Meaning,
of the Death from them.

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42. A fragment, how insignificant

Ditches of Words,
in which they stumble,
our Smiles,
increasingly depressed,
of the drunk Dreams,
of so many cups of nowhere,
sipped on the dirty tables,
of the Horizons of Loneliness,
by ourselves,
what we lose us,
among the Cemeteries of Moments,
on which we always bury them,
on the alleys of Love,
what they have never seen,
at least a fragment,
how insignificant,
from our lost Time.

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43. So alien to the Destiny

Wings of Hearts,
broken and fallen,
at the soles of the Words,
cold and insalubrious,
in which they hide,
our homeless Days,
of the own Absurd,
which is washed with the water of the Tears,
of the lost Time,
through which, our Moments swim,
toward the Cemeteries of Meanings,
of the Wandering,
by our own Self,
so alien,
to the Destiny who incarnated us,
the Pain.

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44. The Pain of Loneliness

Pips of Despair,
scattered from generous pockets,
of the Absurd,
they sprout indifferent,
on the Wrinkles of the Destiny,
ever more deep and oppressive,
of the lost Time ,
from, the Breathing in agony,
of our own,
homeless Days,
in which we carry us hardly,
the crushed Horizon,
by the Original Sins,
of the Word,
uttered by the Pain of Loneliness.

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45. Have shouted to the Fountains dried by Heaven

On the Drought by ourselves,
the dry and perfidious Words,
they stretch us traps,
and they hopeless,
of, the dryness,
of the Pains,
whose Despair,
have shouted it to the Fountains dried by Heaven,
our lost Glances,
of on the gnawed stands,
of some Tears of Hopes,
solitary and deserted,
which boil in the heat, of, end of World,
of the Blood of our Destinies,
increasingly troubled and deeper,
of to find,
in the full Desert,
by the sand of Dreams,
of the broken Hourglasses,
what, they still longer seek the Future,
of a Time what has been given to us,
from always,
as being lost.

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46. The Blood of Dreams

Stations rotting
of Acid Tears,
of so many Expectations,
transformed into stony block,
at the feet of Original Sins,
of the Words,
uttered by the Hearts of Wind,
of a God,
whose Love,
freezes us and now,
the Blood of Dreams,
from the ever more distant veins,
and boundless,
of the Horizons,
what are lost,
in the future Dawn of the Loneliness,
of a lost Time,
forever,
to the dice of the cups of nowhere,
of our Destiny,
on which we are forced,
to we drink it until the last drop,
of the his Moments.

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47. I was so much Tears and Destiny

I was so much,
Tears and Destiny,
that no fragment, of Glances
did not want to lose itself,
in the lost Time,
from the endlessness of Heaven,
from the Eyes of Divine Light,
of the Love,
on which I met her,
incidentally,
at the windows of our Days,
without shelter,
from the injected veins,
with the vain promises,
said by the drugs of the Dreams,
which were hiding,
in the pockets of the Moments,
which have crossed us together,
riding on the Zebra,
where they always quarreled,
the white stripes with the black ones,
which have united us the Life with Death.

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48. It has always been, of the Nobody

The traces, decomposed,
on the dusty roads,
of the Hearts of Wind,
they barely spread their,
the tangled meanders,
of our own Words,
built in the Dust,
driven toward Nowhere,
of the ever more tired Moments,
of the lost Time,
which was given to us,
to feed our Destiny,
with the Illusions of Life and Death,
of a World,
what has always been,
of the Nobody.

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49. That they have frozen us up to the bones

The deep traces,
which, they clothe us,
the homeless Days,
of the Words,
they seep, into torrents of splashes,
what they wash the dusty face,
with falling stars,
of the lost Time,
from, the Walls of the Meanings,
on which barely support themselves our Dreams,
of a sentimental winter,
so frosty,
that they have frozen us up to the bones,
even and the Hopes,
although they were kept,
in the Souls of the flames,
of some Moments,
of our Hearts of Fire,
what they seem to be extinguished for us,
longer than the Times.

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50. Through the white and black roles

Steps trampled,
by the careless and hurried Horizons,
to catch the Dawns of the Loneliness,
what they crush us,
even homeless Days,
which still have remained us to run,
on the Zebras of Hopes,
what they have blunted their hooves of Dreams,
which run,
through the white and black roles,
on which we have to interpret them,
just for Love,
as Living Statues of the Absurd,
of a lost Time,
forced to we stay always,
on the stage gnawed by the Regrets,
of the Despairs of a World,
which will not belong to us,
Never.

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51. The Moments of the lost Time of the Love

Scorched walls of Meanings,
show us the slippery stairs,
of the Compromises,
on which we are bound to climb them,
if we want to reach,
in, the Showcase of the own Destinies,
the only space,
where we can be bought,
by the Moments of the lost Time,
of the Love,
on which, we expect her,
every time,
with the suitcase of the Dreams, made before,
of to meet us with the Hearts, of, Absurd,
cold and inquisitive,
of the Despairs,
what they lead us as far away as possible,
by ourselves,
on the wings of the Vanities,
toward Nowhere,
every time,
alone.

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52. Under the bridges of our Hearts of Stone

Clouds carved,
with the hard and sharp chisel,
of the Life and Death,
from the Soul of Heaven,
of the Word,
by the Original Sins,
so indebted,
to the Despair and Absurd,
of a Time that has lost us,
in the Moments scattered,
of on the dusty roads,
of a World,
so foreign of us,
that, even then,
when we meet the Love,
long awaited,
we see her with the blind Glances of the Pain,
of a Blood,
what flooded us,
the Dawn of the Future,
drowning him,
precisely under the bridges,
of our Hearts of Stone,
built to be as durable as possible,
when we cross the Memories,
of the Non-Senses of the own Existences.

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53. The cold and unfaithful marble of the Compromises

Flames, of, Words,
they burn the roofs of the Thoughts,
so coveted,
in the deserted station,
of the Hearts of Wind,
of the Pride,
what feeds on the ashes,
of our own Expectations,
which give birth continuously,
at Cemeteries, of, Words,
that, even the Hopes,
the most loyal,
of the Absurd and Despair,
they made for themselves,
monumental sepulchers of Glances,
from the cold and unfaithful marble,
of the Compromises,
where the lost Time of the Love,
he will bury his Future,
what turned out to be,
of the Nobody.

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54. It burns us the Universe

The dusty windows,
of Answers,
are washed by the uncomfortable Heels,
worn by the roles of the Living Statues,
of the Words,
at the gala shoes of the Unrests,
with the drops of the rains, of Oppositions,
what, they trickle, heavy and oppressive,
on, the glass, almost opaque,
of the Regrets,
what they erupt from the volcanoes of the Souls,
whose lava of Feelings,
it burns us the Universe,
of the Tears of lead,
on which we barely carry them,
on the slopes of Destinies,
increasingly steep and perfidious,
what, they stand us indifferent,
in front of the Time and so lost,
of the Love.

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55. They shine in the Eyes of endless Heaven

I barely succeed,
to I sneak,
through the stifling ashes,
the only one, what has remained,
from the burnt Promises of the Dreams,
from the arson of the end of World,
of the lost Time, of the Love,
which was lit for us,
from the unstoppable flames,
of the Glances,
what were not sufficiently isolated,
with the Hearts of Stone,
what surrounds us the Absurd,
of the Destinies,
in the furnaces of which,
can burn without purpose,
intensive,
any Moments,
no matter how flammable would be,
at the rays of the Divine Light,
what they shine in the Eyes of endless Heaven,
of our Hopes,
crushed by the Non-Senses of the own Existence.

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56. Full of the Words from sand

I never thought,
that dreams come,
to they wash us dispirited and defeated,
the Traces of the Hugs,
with the Waves wounded,
by the deserted Distances,
of the Horizons,
which have abandoned them,
in the arms of the Shores,
full of the Words from sand,
shattered by the Hearts of Wind,
of the broken Hourglasses,
what, they feed us, the lost Time,
of the Eternities of Moments,
abandoned to the Destiny,
dedicated totally to the Death,
by ourselves.

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57. The Loneliness of the Tears

The deep wounds,
of the Living Statues of the Absurd,
have fallen into the long and indecisive Expectations,
of the Dawn,
what they move hard,
pushed by the Loneliness of the Tears,
whose Heart of Fire,
seems to never heal,
no matter how much,
would be bandaged and replaced,
with the cold stone of the Indifference,
polished on some places,
with false Smiles,
which decompose rapidly,
in the Acid Sweating,
of the lost Time,
forever,
from the kindled arms of the Memories,
which have come to be sold by the Destiny,
on the stalls with nothings,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
in which we incarnated us the Purpose,
being forced,
by the Original Sins,
of the Absurd.

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58. The always ignited ovens

Blizzards of Meanings,
they whipped us, the Words,
with the coolness of the lead clouds,
of the Indifference,
raised at the Heavens of Compromises,
once with the dense smoke of the Dissatisfaction,
coming out of the always ignited ovens,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
where are cooked for us,
the garnishes, of, Moments,
of the lost Time,
to consume them,
how much more penetrated,
of Pains,
along with the Absurd and Despair,
of our own Destiny.

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59. The Glances of the Eternities of Moments

Questions divorced by Glances,
they hit themselves by the rocks of the Absurd,
of a Loneliness,
whose roots of Memories,
are washed by the waters of shores of the Despair,
snowed with the falling stars,
of the Tears of the lost Time,
in the ports of which,
seem to no longer arrive ever,
the white wings of the Dreams,
what they clothed us,
the Glances of the Eternities of Moments,
about which is heard,
that, they would be shipwrecked,
on the Oceans of Despair,
of the Subconscious Stranger from ourselves.

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60. The Customs of the bitter Tears

Open us, Happiness,
the Gates of Heaven,
of the Words,
what they gave us birth,
with the longing by you,
like and us,
the Living Statues of the Absurd,
to be able to pass,
by the Customs of the bitter Tears,
of the Destinies,
through which the Birth has forced us,
to we always swim,
on the ships of the Hopes,
dreaming at the harbor,
in which we will find again,
somewhere sometime,
the Boundlessness,
which he stole us,
the lost Time,
of the Illusions of Life and Death.

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61. They cut our breath, every time

I wonder why we opened the arms,
of the your Eyes, Happiness,
on which we sailed,
without we knowing,
that you hide your Twilight,
behind the Hearts of Stone,
gnawed by the waves,
of the lost Time,
increasingly nervous and cold,
of the Meanings of some meaningless Words,
what they cut our breath,
every time,
when we are thrown away,
with all the emptiness of the Souls,
on the stand of the Despair,
where the Absurd,
rational and cold,
he values us the value,
of the Moments killed,
in the way toward Death.

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62. Will clothe us with the Eternity of her Tears

To I believe you,
Hope, of Wind,
what did you give me to breathe,
the homeless Day,
of the Heart of my Loneliness,
what, recites for me,
all Cemeteries of Words,
of the Absurd,
on which they have rediscovered them for us,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
when they kidnapped us,
from the hot arms,
of the Immortality of a Love,
about which we are not allowed to know,
more,
than the Despair,
which often crushes us,
when we wear it,
in the necklaces of the Pain,
on the unnamed streets,
of the Absurd,
from the lead veins,
of our Time,
what seems lost forever,

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in the arms outstretched,
by the Death,
which never forgives,
none of the deaf shouts,
what we have addressed them for us,
somewhere sometime,
to the own Subconscious Stranger,
when we sensed,
that this World will separate us,
by ourselves,
it ending,
through cold and indifferent tombs,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
alongside which they will pass,
the rays of other Loves,
perhaps pale, cold or hot,
which they will light the stars of some Eyes of Heaven,
what they will no longer be ours,
never,
but they will embrace us,
with the shadows of Memories,
in which the other World,
will no longer let us fall,
but will unite us,
and will clothe us,
with the Eternity of her Tears.

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63. In the Gaps without edges of the Words

Scattered among the Tears of Heaven,
of the Dreams,
what wash the increasingly naughty faces,
of the lost Time,
furrowed by the deep and precipitous Wrinkles,
of the Despairs,
in which they commit suicide for us ,
the Eternities of the Moments,
throwing themselves from high,
in, the Gaps, without edges,
of the Words,
increasingly cold and vulgar,
uttered by the Non-Senses,
of our own Existence,
at the altar of which,
have forced us to worship us,
the Vanities of this World.

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64. The cups of nowhere of some Hearts of Stone

Addresses burned,
by the heat of the Desert,
of the lost Time,
of some Words,
what they have been poured us
in the cups of nowhere,
of some Hearts of Stone,
on which we drink them,
believing that thus we quench us,
the thirst for Love,
but, on which,
we never understood them,
when they have forced us,
to we follow them, the Absurd,
of to carve,
of their bodies,
the Eternities of Moments,
of our own Death,
with, her countless faces,
which, they looked at us defiantly,
from behind the Wrinkles of the Pain,
how we grind our own Love,
without we ever understanding,

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how Lonely we would have become,
in front of the Subconscious Stranger,
on which we will no longer be able,
to we understand him, never
when, we will try to hope,
at, the Infinity.

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65. So sick of ourselves

We run toward Nowhere,
holding us by hand, the Absurd ,
received in gift from the Original Sins,
of the Eyes of lead,
of the Clouds of Meanings,
which covers us the Hearts of Wind,
with, the storms of Words,
what they grind us the homeless Days,
of the Unrests,
which crush the lost Time,
of the Hopes,
so sick of ourselves,
that they have come to ask us,
the Stranger of the own Subconscious,
The exact time of Death,
of the Word,
which has created us,
the Despair,
of these Non-Senses of the Existence.

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66. To find us again, the lost identity

Walls of Smiles,
ever brighter,
they lure us the Dreams,
to penetrate beyond the gates,
of our Subconscious Stranger,
what he could find us again,
the lost identity,
from before we are born,
on the broken wings,
of the Word of a Creation,
of the Nobody,
on which we are obligated,
to we carry it,
on the back of the own Destiny,
up to the heavy and massive gates,
which, they open us the realms of Death,
where we are thrown,
by the unseen hands,
of the Original Sins,
with all the Dreams and Hopes,
on which we have ever had them,
Love,

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being the only one what you will remain,
in our Traces,
from which the cups of nowhere,
of the homeless Days,
they will pull their Vanity,
for to feed with her,
the lost Time,
of the Future,
with the lips of the Horizons, cracked by thirst.

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67. The Infinity what collapses

Scrap of Words,
thrown, to the garbage,
by the cold and inexpressive lips,
of the homeless Days,
through which we lead us the Destinies,
crumpled and wandering,
of the Despairs,
broken from the heavy and grueling Horizons,
of the Loneliness,
from which we are bound to feed,
the Eternities of the Moments,
increasingly frail and sick,
by, the Eyes of Heaven of the Dreams,
whose Tears of Remorses,
they collapse on the wrinkled cheeks,
of the lost Time,
of the Love,
from which we often build us,
stairs toward the Infinity,
what collapses every time,
in Death.

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68. The Ashes of lost Time of the Love

Promises carried toward Distances,
by the Hearts of Wind,
of the Forgetfulness,
what, they beat toward Nowhere,
through dense and suffocating smoke,
of the Vanities,
the Exact Time of the Pain,
what's left,
from us,
Love,
for it to hug us,
on her dial almost erased,
of defective clock,
the Ashes of lost Time,
of the Love,
to which they now worship,
the Moments of the Nobody,
what should have been ours,
even if,
have reached, recited,
by the Poems of the Years,
what, have no longer been addressed to you,

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but to so many Cemeteries of Words,
uttered by cold and inexpressive lips,
of some strangers,
on the benches of the same park,
what, belongs now,
of the lost Eyes,
of the Loneliness,
where, sometime,
I was telling you,
how beautiful you are,
Love.

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69. Longing after the Divine Light of the Infinity

The sweats of ice,
cut the breath of the lost Time,
when it snows like in fairy tales,
with the Despair,
of the falling stars,
of the Moments,
which are ending and now,
of Loneliness,
through the homeless Days,
of the Absurd,
longing after the Divine Light,
of the Infinity,
from your Heart of Fire,
Love,
on which seeks her and now,
the Hope,
through the Tears of the Dreams,
which no longer have power,
nor to shout deaf,
after the World, which we lost her,
to the rigged dice,
by the Original Sins,
of our own Destiny.

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**70. Under the cold and acid rains of the Cemeteries
of Words**

The smiles, wiped,
with the sponge of Destiny,
on the gnawed board of the Happiness,
to which we have written many times,
together with the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Dreams,
in which we believed,
as in a religion of Love,
what can not become cheap,
under the cold and acid rains,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
pronounced, increasingly pressed,
by the Loneliness which is puts,
increasingly oppressive and black,
over the Heaven of the Memories,
lit by the falling stars,
of the lost Time,
in whose waves we drowned,
little by little,
the Masts of the Hopes,
until they disappeared,
grinded by the Horizons of the Absurd,
to the grinder of the Despair.

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71. The Absurd drinks his Mornings

The dawn scattered,
on the streets of the cups of nowhere,
from which the Absurd,
he drinks his Mornings of the lost Time,
poisoned by Loneliness,
at the table of the falling stars,
what, not even, they are no longer seen,
through the lead clouds,
of the Hearts of Wind,
cut into slices of Thoughts,
by the Cemeteries of Words,
of the Despair.

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72. Without our will

The forgotten promises,
by the Dreams, of Wind,
of the lost Time,
drowned in the Eyes of Heaven,
of the frozen Smiles,
on which we often skated,
without our will,
embracing the Absurd,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
to whom we declare them, Love,
without we ever knowing,
that in their conception,
never existed,
the Infinity,
of, which we need so much,
before Death.

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73. How necessary it is for us, the Death

Unnecessary risks,
delayed News and recycled thoughts,
all carried toward nowhere,
by the Glances, of Wind,
of the Despair of a World,
of the homeless Days,
to which we pass them each time the threshold,
once with the Dawns, increasingly heavy and exhausted,
of the Tears of Words,
trickled on the face of the lost Time,
in which we wash our Meanings,
what, they crush us, the Destiny,
until we find out,
how necessary it is for us,
the Death.

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74. They took our boundlessness

Dried Roots of Words,
surrounds us the lost Glances,
knowing that they will no longer give birth ever,
the buds of some new meanings,
of the Feelings,
on which we would have braided them,
in crowns of Horizons,
what, they can run up beyond,
by the lost Time,
in whose toils we are caught,
now,
aware that we will not be able to give,
The Exact Hour of Love,
ever back,
so that to we no longer be late,
and to we arrive before,
the Original Sins,
which, they took our boundlessness,
leaving us crushed,
of Death.

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75. In the Tears of the Flames

Stages, of, Expectations,
sipped in the cups of nowhere,
of the lost Time,
of a World of Death by ourselves,
which we breathe,
among the Hearts of Wind,
of the News that lose their essence,
slipping on the hot ice,
of the Glances of Death,
what erupts,
from our wax Souls,
which melts,
in the Tears of the Flames,
of so many unfulfilled Dreams,
from the roles of Living Statues,
on which the Destinies interpret them for us,
which we interpret Destiny,
on the scenes of the Non-Senses of the Existence.

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76. Your Eyes of Blizzard, Love

The indifferent Clouds,
have delivered, the hot and fresh Death,
at the domiciles of the Words,
of the lost Time,
so hungry,
of, your Eyes of Blizzard,
Love,
that decide every time,
to they command you, regardless of price,
in order to be served to them,
with a raw garnish,
of, Naughtiness,
in which they infix their fangs,
the carious Perversions,
of the Destinies,
what they sting us very much,
at the taste,
too sweet or bitter,
of the decomposed Dreams,
what, they trickled helpless and defeated,
on, the Slaughterhouses of the desquamated lips,
increasingly cold and desolated,
of the Meanings,
what, they become for us,
without our will,
the mistresses of the Despair.

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77. Once with the burning of the Tears

I was dressed with Traces,
to build with them,
the steps of the Eyes of Blizzard
which to climb me,
at the Sacred Fire,
of the Love,
from, your Glances,
what lit up,
Once time,
with the burning of the Tears,
of the Divine Light from me,
the whole Universe,
of the Immortality,
of that,
we will no longer separate ourselves, ever,
no matter how many falling stars,
they would be extinguished on the vaults of the nights,
from the Hearts of Wind,
of the Words,
of this lost Time,
on which we will never say them again,
in this World,
so much snowed,
with Pain.

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